The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Dykie Vane.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.

V.

A YEAR from the next autumn Effie Wilder again visited her friend Kate, bringing life and merriment into the house too still and dull now that Kate was grown, and Walter so much at the office.

It was evening, and the family were gathered in the library where there was just a little fire in the grate. "For evenings and mornings are getting a little coolish," said the Judge, who was always glad of an excuse to watch the glowing coals.

That gentleman sat by the fire, reading. Mrs. Graves was employed with worsteds and patterns. Kate and Effie were carrying on a low conversation seated side by side on the sofa, which Walter joined now and then, as he endeavored to assort some law papers and hear every word Effie said at the same time.

"Hullo!" said the Judge. "Here is a man named Vane executed for murder out west. Better not say anything to Dyke, it might have a bad influence."

"How appropriate certain names are to certain people," said Effie meditatively. "Dyke's odd name is just suited to his odd character. You were named rightly, Kate; how incongruous Minnie, Lulu, or Daisy would be joined to your queenly physique."

"If they had christened me Minnie, I ought not to have grown so tall, my hair should have been light and my eyes blue, according to your theory, and I should have become vain, trifling and silly. I do not believe in that doctrine at all, for the most elegant and refined woman I ever met was named Hepsibah Prouty, and she married a Johnson," replied Kate.

"The most disagreeable name I ever heard was Betsey Hopkins, and she did not improve it by marrying a Clagget," said Walter from his desk.

"I know one worse than that; it is Coquise Whittaker, and she was a lovely girl. I went to school with her. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous as Coquise Whittaker!" and Effie's merry laugh rang through the room.

"You were appropriately named Effie *Wild*-er," observed the Judge, who always knew what was going on, though reading ever so intently.

"Speaking of Dyke," said Walter, bringing up his chair, "there is an immense fund of dry wit in him. I must tell you one little joke. It seems that they think of taking a larger tenement and living in better style, and I remarked to Dyke, 'You will be a gentleman before you know it, and marry the prettiest girl in the country.' Such a resigned expression as settled down over his face though his eyes twinkled mischievously as he replied, 'Too late, too late, Mr. Walter; she will be Mrs. W. F. Graves long before then!' How was that for a compliment?" and he softly pinched Effie's blushing cheek.

"Bravo!" shouted the Judge. "Dyke has the approval of the Court."

The next morning Walter sauntered into his

sister's dressing-room just as Effie, after much persuasion, had got that young lady seated to have her hair curled on an iron for the first time in her life. Evidently he had come on some errand which he hardly knew how to deliver, for he shuffled about uneasily for a few minutes.

"Kate."

"That is my name," responded she shortly, keeping an eye on Effie for self-protection in case affairs looked dangerous.

"Why, Kate, haven't you got a new carpet?" exclaimed Walter, plunging into the subject desperately.

"Well, Mister, considering the fact that you went with me to choose it, and pounded my fingers instead of the nails when putting it down, I consider that question and the surprise you manifest rather superfluous."

"Don't be sarcastic. What did you do with your old one?"

"Attic."

Kate dared not be more explicit, for Effie was coming toward her with the iron fearfully hot, and there was no knowing what she might do.

"Is it badly worn?"

"No, I got this to match the furniture; that is nearly as good as new, except in one place."

"That one place is the square foot immediately in front of the mirror," volunteered Effie.

"You judge by your own," retorted Kate. "Now, Walter, what do you want; you are after something and the quicker you tell what the better for me, because Effie is likely to burn my hair all off as long as you stay in the room."

"I want you to give that carpet to Dyke for his new room," said he bluntly. "But Effie can't burn your hair off but once if I stay here all day," and Walter threw himself into a chair.

"If you will go off Dyke may have the carpet," said Effie.

Walter turned to Kate who whispered "yes," not daring to speak aloud for Effie seemed to be tearing one long tress out by the roots, so tightly had she rolled it up.

"I should have asked you right out in the first place, only I was afraid you would not approve if the subject was presented too suddenly, so I came at it easy. You give him the carpet and I will see that he has some furniture. I saw a pretty set down town painted to imitate chestnut, which I can have for a reasonable price, and perhaps I'll buy him a picture or two."

"And a 'silver razor thing?'" queried Kate.

"Now, Kate, stop being so thorny. You are just as interested in Dyke as any of us, and you need not pretend to sneer at his luxurious tastes. If you will make yourself hideous by curling your Indian hair, you need not laugh at Dyke for wanting to be comfortable."

"I don't laugh at Dyke, but at you, Master Graves. You are indulging him altogether too much, and one of these days you will be sorry for it. He will be so grand that a common house won't hold him."

"If you knew what Kate was saying when you came in you could sing, 'Consistency, thou art a jewel!'" said Effie, and of course Walter began to tease her to tell him what it was, and she promised to do so on the condition that he would leave the room. When that condition was agreed to, Kate took the words out of Effie's mouth and said:

"I said I should give him a silver watch next Christmas, and I am sure that will be a very sensible and useful present."

"O Kate," commenced Walter, but Effie drove him out of the room by flourishing the red hot curling-iron before his face.

"Dyke is a good little boy, but I don't want him spoiled by my too generous brother," observed Kate.

"Well, if Walter don't spoil him, you will; so it is all the same," responded Effie.

A great change had taken place in the domestic economy of Dyke's home, since that boy came in dressed in his new suit. The house was always neat and orderly, three regular meals a day delighted Dyke's heart, Mrs. Vane's dress was always fresh and clean, and her face pleasant. Mr. Vane stayed at home evenings with always an expression of content on his face, and Dyke was happy as a king.

One evening at the social tea-table, which Dyke enjoyed so much, Mrs. Vane suddenly exclaimed:

"True as you both live, I've got a hundred and twenty dollars in the bank!"

If a shower of gold had fallen from the skies they would not have been more surprised.

"Yes," she continued, "while you, Jack, have been paying the debt and supporting the family, I have been laying up money. What did you think I did with it, or did you suppose I washed and cleaned house just for pleasure and no pay?"

The truth was that Dykie had not thought

anything about it, and Jack had not known how hard she had worked, he being away all day, and always finding her at home when he returned.

"Let's buy a house," said Dyke with his mouth full of bread and butter.

"We can't with that small sum, but I guess we will leave this place," replied Mrs. Vane, watching her husband's face for signs of approval. When Mrs. Vane had finished her housework, and commenced her sewing, Mr. Vane, referring to the conversation at the table, asked,

"Where will you go, Nannie?"

He never said Nance now.

"You see, Jack, Dyke has got a good place and one where he can stay for years. His employer is very kind to him, and he is trying to improve himself in all respects, has already cured himself of using slang words, and is outgrowing his rough manners. I think it would be a great benefit to him to live in a better house on a more respectable street. I know a good tenement of four rooms which I can get reasonably cheap, and they are nice, pretty rooms, too, newly painted and papered. Dykie's salary will more than pay the difference in the rent, and leave enough to put a small sum in the bank for him. I've worked more than you know, Jack. I have scrimped and pinched, and been ragged and dirty, and let the house go to ruin for the sake of laying up money, for no reason except to have it, to die and leave it. Now I have decided to furnish these rooms with it, and so do my duty by you and my boy."

This was considerable for Mrs. Vane to say, so her husband knew that there had been quite a struggle between the avarice which circumstances had developed and her love for her family, before she could decide to relinquish her dearly bought money. He laid his strong hand over hers caressingly and said:

"It will be very fine to live in a better place, and perhaps it wont take all your money."

Mrs. Vane shook her head.

"It will take it all, and we ought to have more. These things are not fit to take, and I do want an oilcloth for the front room, but I must give that up unless —"

"Unless what?"

"You see if I had a washing machine, I could get the washing of two or three families to take home, for Dykie don't like to have me go out working."

"You get the washing machine, and perhaps the oilcloth will come of itself. You can earn one working," said he.

"There will be things enough to earn without that, and the big cooking stove to pay for," and the subject dropped for a day or two.

One afternoon just as Mrs. Vane had finished her sewing — some sheets for the new house — and was about to build the fire for supper, there came a rap at the door, and in walked Kate Graves and Effie Wilder.

Mrs. Vane was greatly surprised, but there was not a shade of embarrassment in her manner as she offered chairs to her visitors. She had not taught politeness to Lady G.'s daughters without gaining a benefit herself; indeed, so very ladylike was she that Miss Graves was at a loss how to mention her errand.

"We are all very much interested in your son, Mrs. Vane, and hearing that you were about to move to a new house, I came in behalf of my brother to request permission to furnish Dykie's room. It is a strange request I know, but he has been at our house and was so pleased with some of our things, that we want — he is — we wish to—give him some like them."

Kate really felt awkward. "The idea of sitting there with that lady looking in my face, and telling her I was going to give her a carpet!" said she afterwards to Effie.

"If you can do so without any trouble or expense to yourself, I shall be very glad to have you, and thank you with all my heart. Poor Dyke likes grander things than I am able to give him."

"Thank you." Then, as she arose to go, Kate added, "Would you be willing to continue to do our washing? Mother sends this as a particular request. You see —"

"Oh, yes indeed! and if you will please recommend me to two or three families. I would do the best I could for them."

Kate promised to do so, and Effie asked permission to come and see the new house, then they departed.

"I did not think she was like that, did you?" asked Effie when they reached the street.

"I have seen her before, but she has changed some way since, or else I do not remember correctly. It is easy to see where Dyke gets his pretty manners," was Kate's reply.

"I was afraid she would feel insulted, she looked so dignified, and was ready to apologize and run away," said Effie with a laugh,

But Mrs. Vane felt very thankful for Kate's offer. She told Jack about it, but said nothing to Dyke, intending to give him a pleasant surprise when the time came. *Eva Miller.*

For the Myrtle.

A True Story of the Fire.

ON the second night of the great fire in Boston, a little after midnight the people were awakened by explosions and found that the fire was blazing up fiercely as ever in Summer Street. Streams of water from the great engines were turned upon the buildings, but in vain; it was soon seen that the rest of the street must go.

In the upper stories of these buildings people were living and had gone to bed thinking the fire out in that neighborhood, and never dreaming of further danger.

Waked by the exploding gas, and seeing the flames, they rushed for the streets to save themselves as they could. A woman was seen at the second story window of a building, and before she could be reached had thrown herself from the window and was picked up insensible. The firemen thought all were out then, when suddenly a woman appeared at a fourth story window with a child in her arms.

They shouted to her to wait and mounted ladders as fast as possible. But the woman seemed crazed with fear, and unable to understand what was said to her. Farther and farther out she leaned with the child and seemed just about to jump, while the crowd below held their breath with horror, when a brave fireman reached her, and saved both her and the child.

When the poor, half-suffocated mother and child reached the ground in safety, a shout went up, and many hearts were happy, for the first time on that sorrowful night.

H. A. B.

—o-o-o—

Childhood.

A LITTLE golden head close to my knee,
Sweet eyes of tender gentianella blue
Fixed upon mine, a little coaxing voice,
Only we two—

"Tell it again"—insatiate demand!
And like a toiling spider where I sat
I wove and spun the many-colored webs
Of this and that—

Of Dotty Pringle sweeping out her hall—
Of Greedy Bear—of Santa Claus the good,
And how the little children met the months
Within the wood.

"Tell it again"—and though the sand man came
Dropping his drowsy grains in each blue eye,
"Tell it again, oh just once more"—was still
The sleepy cry.

My springtime violet, early snatched away
To fairer gardens, all unknown to me—
Gardens of whose invisible, guarded gates
I have no key—

I weave my fancies now for other ears,
Thy sister blossom, who beside me sits,
Rosy, imperative, and quick to mark
My lagging wits—

But still the stories bear thy name, are thine,
Part of the sunshine of thy brief, sweet day,
Though in *her* little warm and living hands
The book I lay.

Susan Coolidge.

For the Myrtle.

Ettie Hale's Party.

"OH, girls," said Minnie Lewis, running into the dressing-room of the schoolhouse one cold winter morning, "Ettie Hale is going to have a party. Oh, dear, how cold my hands are! for I was thinking so much about this party that I forgot my muff."

"When? when?" asked half a dozen voices at once.

"Next Monday, and you see the way I came to know about it first, Mrs. Hale called at our house yesterday and told mother all about it, and invited me; she will invite all in her class."

"Why, she won't ask Mary Sprague, will she? she has nothing to wear if she does," said Mattie Leach, the only daughter of a wealthy lawyer.

"O there's the bell," said Minnie, "and I can't get off this rubber boot."

"Let me try," said Ellen Morris, the merriest, wittiest, and also the kindest-hearted girl in the whole school. "Here, raise your pedal extremity within handling distance," and with one pull off came the obstinate boot.

"Thank you, Ellen," said Minnie; "how easy you do everything."

"Pshaw!" she replied; "there's nothing like trying," and they entered the schoolroom.

I fear more thought was given to the party than to lessons, for when the class in History came up, and Minnie Lewis was asked, "What is the costume of the Chinese?" she answered, "Crimson thibet, with bugles and black velvet."

As this occurred on Wednesday morning, and but one session of school was held, Ettie had

ample time to extend her invitations for the following Monday. All were invited and all except Mattie Leach and Mary Sprague were delighted with the anticipated pleasure.

Mary Sprague was the daughter of a poor widow, who only by much dyeing, turning and patching was enabled to procure suitable clothing for Mary to attend school; though the girls all knew Mrs. Sprague's circumstances, yet no one of them ever said anything to cause Mary pain but Mattie Leach, and on this occasion she said to Ettie,

"Well, if the washerwoman's daughter goes *I* shall not, as I've no idea of going anywhere else with that paragon of patches, just because I'm obliged to go to school with her."

Mary turned away from the merry group, and with her eyes full of tears walked towards home.

"Why, Mattie! how could you?" exclaimed Minnie and Ettie in a breath, while Ellen Morris, starting after Mary replied,

"Very well, Miss Importance, you can stay at home then, for Mary *shall* go, and you just understand that when Ellen Morris says anything shall be done, it takes more than Mat Leach to stop her."

Then quickly overtaking Mary she said,

"Don't mind that hateful Mat Leach; I gave her a dose before I left. I told her you *should* go, and you shall."

"No, Ellen," she replied, "you are very kind, but 'tis no use; I have nothing fit to wear."

"Well, we'll see about that, I guess I know a thing or two; but here we are at our gate, so good morning."

"What is the matter, Mary?" asked Mrs. Sprague, as she noticed Mary's swollen face and red eyes.

"O mother! Ettie Hale is going to have a party, and she invited me, but Mattie Leach said she wouldn't go if I did, and said I had nothing to wear; and oh dear, I know it is all true and I must stay at home."

"Well," said her mother, "we will see what can be done, though I can illy afford to buy you a new dress even of plain material."

"No, mother, I know it, and I won't cry, but I *did* feel so badly at first."

"Mother," said Ellen Morris, as she entered the family sitting-room, and tossing her muff into one chair, her books into another, and herself into a third—"I'm so mad, I can't stand it."

"The hat tree is the proper place for your clothing, Ellen," said her mother, "but what is the matter? I saw no such exhibition of anger when you bade Mary Sprague good morning at the gate."

"No, I tried to hold in till she was out of sight, but mother, Ettie Hale has invited her class to a party at her house next Monday, and that hateful Mat Leach says she won't go if Mary does. Oh, I'd like to shake her!"

"Who is it that needs to be shaken?" asked her father, just entering the room.

So Ellen gave her parents an account of the morning's conversation and repeated Mattie's cruel, thoughtless remark. "And father," she added' "I'd just like to give her a piece of my mind, and I'll do it too, see if I don't."

"Mother," said Mr. Morris, "this little daughter of ours has quite forgotten that it is her birthday to-morrow, I guess."

"No, I haven't father," said she, "and I'm so glad I haven't told you what I wanted for a present; let me see, you said I might have anything reasonable. Well, that which I want will surely come under that head, and now I'll tell you—no, I won't tell you till after dinner, for there's the bell now."

Dinner over, Ellen pulled her father into the sitting-room, and mounted on his knee, she said,

"Now, father, I want you to give mother money enough to buy a dress, sash, boots, and all the other things which a girl needs to wear to a party, and mother will buy it I know, and her seamstress can make it before Monday and that shall be my birthday present."

"But how about that rosewood work-box which you admired so much on Washington street the other day?" asked her father.

"Well," dropping her head, and looking very sober, "I won't say a word about it. I can use my old thimble some more, and my scissors have one whole point, and—"

"Well, what about those skates that you told me only yesterday you could not do without?"

"Oh, dear!" she answered rather slowly, "skating is cold work or play, whichever you call it, and I wont learn till next winter."

"Will it be any warmer, think, next winter?" he asked.

"No, father," her eyes filling with tears, "but I'd rather do without them and see Mary have the dress."

"She shall have the dress," he answered, "as I see by mother's face that she approves the plan."

"Oh, you dear good father," she replied, with both arms around his neck, nearly smothering him with kisses.

"Just one more mouthful of breath, before my head comes off," said he laughingly and removing her arms.

"Mother, will you go down town now, and get the dress?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Morris, "I will go immediately."

So the dress was bought, a nice merino. Ellen thought it ought to be a silk, but her mother told her a silk one would be of little use to Mary Sprague. The day of the party came, and no one was happier than Ellen Morris, when with her father's carriage she called to take Mary to the party and saw her neatly dressed In the bright blue merino trimmed with velvet a shade darker, her new boots, and sash of plaid ribbon, with her golden curls and eyes the color of her dress.

Mattie Leach was there, and was somewhat inclined to be sarcastic regarding Mary's dress, till Ellen coolly told her she "needn't feel so big, for no one felt her importance but herself."

When Ellen returned from the party, she found two packages marked with her name; which proved to be the work-box and skates she had so much desired to possess; clasping her arms around her father's neck, she exclaimed,

"You *are* the dearest, best father a girl ever had; how shall I ever thank you enough?"

"I'll tell you how, my daughter," he answered, "by always being as thoughtful for others' pleasure as you have been for Mary Sprague's."

And now I would like to say to the readers of the MYRTLE that this little story is literally true, that only the names are changed.

Mrs. A. A. Fellows.

LYING is one of the worst of all evils. God is said to hate a lying lip. And yet how many are addicted to this vice! Reader, the Bible says, "Lie not one to another."

LOOK to the seed you sow that it be sound and good, and for the benefit and use of mankind; this is to be regarded, as well as the ground into which the seed is cast.

Our Sunday Schools.

MAINE.

—The anniversary exercises of the Auburn Sunday School occurred Sunday, Oct. 20th.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

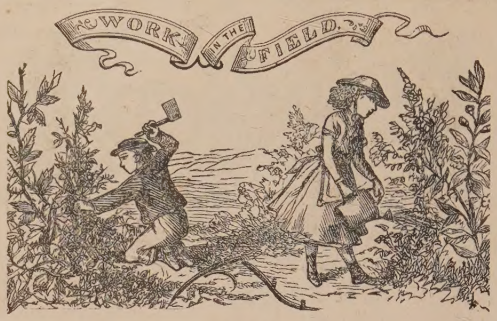
—A Sunday School Mass Meeting has been called at Alstead, on Nov. 14. It will be past before this notice reaches our readers, and we shall be able to give a report later. The call tells us that addresses on Sunday School topics are expected from Bros. Crosley, Demarest, Conger, Vancise and others. The Alstead school give a concert on the evening before the meeting. We take it this is the first of these "mass meetings" which the State Sunday School Convention voted to hold during the year. Those who read the account of the meeting at Concord will remember the resolution which is so soon bearing fruit.

What is the Matter with the Myrtle?

That is what thousands of Sunday School children will be saying next Sunday. And it grieves us as much as it will them to think they will have no paper to take home as usual. We know if they could see the proofs of its pretty pages that lie useless in the composing room they would be more sorry than ever. The same thing is the matter with it that is the matter with our whole city—with the great business blocks and the famous old streets whose names are known all over the country as well as the name of Boston itself. It is one of the little things that went with the great ones in the great fire of Saturday night, Nov. 9th. All printed and lying in folded piles at the printer's on Congress street waiting to be sent home and mailed on Monday morning, it was burned up, sheets, type, pictures and all, while its little readers lay snug in their beds at home. That is what is the matter with this week's MYRTLE.

But it is coming right up out of its ashes. We cannot make just the same paper again, but we will have other pictures just as good, and have those remade some other time. Dykie Vane will go right on as if nothing had happened; he has had many hard knocks before and can stand several more without being discouraged. The boy who "planted himself to grow" can keep on growing, and perhaps he will have a bigger story next time; Little Topknot's story may wait to let us tell a true story of the fire, while Mrs. Fellows tells another true story that was going to be told a little later in the season of parties, but will do just as well now.

So be consoled, children, it will all come in time. Your bank is good, even if it does suspend payment for a few days. It we can get type enough (though the type foundries are burned, too,) we will get caught up again, even by the time you read this, and perhaps you will have two papers to carry home on the very next Sunday after you went home without any and wore such long faces. But it may be longer still, for the post-office is turned out of home, and has to work slowly. But we trust your patience, for you are sorry with us all, now that you know what trouble and sadness there is in all our city. But even before you knew what was the matter you of course waited cheerfully to see. No reader of the MYRTLE was ever known to be cross!



Life of the Saviour.

LESSON CXIII.

CONVERSATION AT THE LAST SUPPER.

"Slow of heart to believe."

SCRIPTURE. — John xvi. 1–33.

Question. — Why had Jesus spoken the previous words to the disciples?

Answer. — John xvi. 1.

NOTE. The meaning is that they should not be disheartened nor discouraged.

Q. — What was it that would tend to dishearten them?

A. — John xvi. 2.

Q. — Why would the Jews do this?

A. — John xvi. 3.

NOTE. The Jews saw in God only the God of Israel. They did not know that he was the Father of all the children of men. Had they known this they would have loved instead of hating Jesus and his disciples, for they proclaimed the truth that God is the Father of all men.

Q. — Why had Jesus held such a long conversation with his disciples at the Passover supper?

A. — John xvi. 4.

Q. — How were the disciples affected by the things their Master had told them?

A. — John xvi. 6.

Q. — Why was it best for them that he should go away?

A. — John xvi. 7.

Q. — What would the Comforter do?

A. — John xvi. 8–11.

NOTE. Reprove means not rebuke, but to convince. The Holy Spirit would convince the world of sin for not believing on Christ. It would convince the world of righteousness—a righteousness that should everywhere prevail. Judgment denotes sentence or punishment for sin. The prince of this world is whatever rules here in opposition to God.

Q. — What else would the Spirit of Truth do?

A. — John xvi. 13, 14.

Q. — When Jesus told them that in a little while they should not see him, and yet that in a little while they should see him, what did the disciples say to one another?

A. — John xvi. 18.

NOTE. Jesus meant that in a little while he would pass to the grave out of their sight. They had seen in him only a king of the Jews, but in a little while they would see him as he was, the Saviour of all nations.

Q. — What would the world do at his death?

A. — John vvi. 20.

Q. — What would the disciples do at his death?

A. — John xvi. 20.

Q. — Into what should their sorrow be changed?

A. — John xvi. 20.

Q. — When should their sorrow be changed to joy?

A. — John xvi. 22.

Q. — Why were they loved of God?

A. — John xvi. 27.

Q. — In what words did they express their belief in him?

A. — John xvi. 30.

Q. — Would this faith have a great trial?

A. — John xvi. 32.

Q. — Why were they to be of good cheer?

A. — John xvi. 33.

Q. — In what name would they then pray?

A. — John xvi. 23.

Q. — How effectual would prayer in Christ's name be?

A. — John xvi. 24.

Answer.

Nov. 16. Mesopotamia, Othniel, Sampson, Elijah, Samuel; Moses.

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